

*"Tis the voice of the Lobster:
I heard him declare
'You have baked me too brown,
I must sugar my hair.'
As a duck with its eyelids,
so he with his nose
Trims his belt and his buttons,
and turns out his toes.
When the sands are all dry,
he is gay as a lark,
And will talk in contemptuous
tones of the Shark:
But, when the tide rises
and sharks are around,
His voice has a timid
and tremulous sound."*

"That's different from what I used to say when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense."

Alice said nothing: she held her face in her hands, wondering how it ever happen in a natural way.

"I should like to have you say that," said the Mock Turtle.

"She ca'n't explain it," said the Gryphon. "Go on with the next verse."

"But about his toes?" said the Mock Turtle. "How could he turn out his toes, you know?"

"It's the first position in the dance," said the Mock Turtle, but she was dreadfully puzzled, and longed to change the subject.

"Go on with the next verse," said the Gryphon. "It begins 'I passed by his grave'."

Alice did not dare to do so, but she was sure it would all come wrong, and she said in a trembling voice:—

*"I passed by his grave,
and marked, with
How the Owl and the
were sharing a
The Panther took
and gravy, and*